

## SENIORS



Dorothy Lowman

One simply cannot listen to the end --  
can we Dottie?

48 Balsam Avenue, Toronto  
Born January 4th, 1917, Toronto

*Dorothy Lowman.*

Barbara McArel

I am the greatest laugher of all,  
I laugh all day long--

54 Argyle Street, Sydney, Nova Scotia;  
Born December 8th, 1916, Glace Bay, Nova Scotia



*Babs McArel.*

Netta Morrison

That God might know my own particular  
taste  
First the soft bag-pipe mourned with  
zealous haste.

81 Ridout Street, London, Ontario  
Born September 30th, 1916, London, Ontario



## SENIORS



Louise Proctor

I hope to hear St. Peter say,  
 And I shall thank him for the greeting,  
 "Come in to rest from day to day,  
 Here there is no committee meeting."

31 Kendal Avenue, Toronto  
 Born October 18th, 1914, Brighton, Ontario

hove - 'hov'

Margaret Ross

Work and worry have killed many  
 So why should I take a chance?

117 Henleaze Avenue, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan  
 Born April 20th, 1914, Moose Jaw, Saskatchewan



*Ross*



Hilda Smith

And tolerance is very useful when from  
 home,  
 Remembering we must do as Romans do when  
 we are in Rome.

338 Victor Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba  
 Born July 18th, 1914, Winnipeg, Manitoba

## SENIORS



Muriel Sinclair

*Muriel Sinclair*

Over yonder lies the camp,  
Welcome waits us there, my friend.

83 Inglewood Drive, Toronto  
Born April 30th, 1916, Toronto

Ellie Sovereign

*Ellie Sovereign*

Trivial acts that mean so much,  
Just a tender human touch.

Peace River, Alberta  
Born April 22nd, 1915, Vancouver, B.C.



Mary Steedman

*Mary Steedman*

Keep your dreams, for in them lies  
Joy denied to men grown wise.

1424 - 14th Avenue, A.S., Lethbridge, Alberta  
Born July 13th, 1914, Lethbridge, Alberta



## Sundays at Camp

At eight a.m. the bugle would sound in the clear cool September air, and we hadn't even noticed the extra hour of sleep. As usual, we had Flag Raising after breakfast and from then until noon we were free. Important letters were written; special books read; the people who wished to sleep, slept; tennis and swimming fans sought the court and lake respectively. We all contemplated dinner and looked forward to it with unfeigned interest as Ada always had something special for us.

There were three Sundays at camp. The first was cold and dark, and we all found places around the big open fireplace in the lodge and held happy discussions and friendly talk against the music coming over our reliable radio.

The next Sunday was Visitors' Day and a high occasion for each of us. The last Sunday afternoon we took our suppers and went off in the near vicinity to picnic. The groups were small and went in different directions. On the homecoming each had a tale or two to tell the others concerning their experiences, some of which were extremely funny.

At seven-thirty one would find us assembled around the open fire singing hymns. Following this some of the Seniors would tell us of the camps in which they were counsellors during the past summer. One night Miss Ferguson sang some lovely selections for us, and each Sunday evening Miss Wardley read a chapter or two from Clarence Day's, "Life with Father" which is a very amusing story.

After hot chocolate and cake at nine we concluded with Taps. Then, bidding each other goodnight, we made for our cabins--very sorry at heart that another glorious Sunday at camp had gone.

## Evening Programs at Camp

Our evening entertainments at camp were undoubtedly one of the most interesting parts of our camp programme. They were held about twice a week and usually began shortly after supper. Each cabin took charge of one evening's entertainment and was given free choice as to procedure.

The members of Cabin Five were first, with an Indoor Track Meet. Next, Cabin Three provided us with Table Games which ranged all the way from tossing pennies into a muffin tin to catching a tennis ball in a funnel. Cabin Two treated us to a literary night in which we supplied a part of the talent by making up verses. We dressed as Indians for the programme planned by Cabin One and competed as tribes against one another, winding up of course with an Indian dance. The last of the Cabins - Four - treated us to a dramatic evening.

There were the Junior and Senior Stunt Nights which were highly amusing, and finally on the last night, a Masquerade. We all came dressed as Mothers or Daughters, gave and responded to toasts, danced, played games and went to bed agreeing that it was a lovely ending for a perfect month at camp.

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A Goderich bank clerk out of force of habit is said to have addressed a letter "Halifax, N.S.F." The young man must have gotten confused between Nova Scotia and Alberta.....Stratford Beacon-Herald.

## Y.M.C.A. Picnic

Saturday was to be picnic day and all camp was divided into two parts. One half walked to Breezy Point and the other half paddled in war canoes to the vicinity of the Y.M.C.A. Camp. We in the latter group had an ideal picnic spot. A short woodsy path led to an open spot, with the lake in front and a small cliff - igneous outcrop - behind. There was plenty of stone to build a fireplace, sufficient wood for a fire and even a genuine rock table which was useful in preparing and serving the meal.

Stew, fruit rolls and coffee was to be the order of the day, but alas, where was the coffee? Not back at camp we hoped, but sure enough that was the only place that it could be. Two of the girls, remembering that camp-fire coffee is the best coffee, delighted us by hiking back for it.

During the preparation of the meal, those of us who were not too busy were thrilled at the sight of a storm rolling up over the lake, darkening the sky and then cutting it at intervals with flashes of lightning. Our cliff afforded shelter when it began to rain and the rain, I think, must have helped to inspire in us the composition of a song. It was sung to the tune of "Home on the Range" and its intelligent lines were:

Oh, give us a camp with that M.E.S. stamp,  
Where they wear the white and the green,  
Where seldom is heard a disparaging word,  
And our physiogs are calm and serene.  
Stroke, stroke, round the track;  
Take notes on the dock late at night;  
Serve a discus or two; then arch your canoe  
And paddle your javelin back.

The rain added a little zest to the paddle home - and then hot showers, dry clothes and a roaring fire in the lodge made a fitting climax to a happy picnic.

## Breezy Point Picnic

One day we went to Breezy Point, Breezy Point,  
To have a picnic at that point, at that point.  
We built our fire and cooked our food  
And was it ever, ever good, ever good?

Then September rains came along,  
But it couldn't stop our song;  
Pitter, patter, pitter, patter, pitter, patter, patter,  
Pitter, patter, pitter, patter - showers.

## Camp Play Day

An interesting event at camp was the Play Day. Two teams, the "Greens" and the "Whites", competed against each other. Each team chose a captain who signed up her team-mates under the following activities:- volleyball, quoits, tennis and clock-golf. There were four periods, everyone changing to a different activity at the blast of a bugle. The officials were smartly dressed in tunics: Ellie Sovereign, Blanche Logie, Marion Glenwright, Phyllis Hammill and Mary Steedman.

Unfortunately, the last period was cancelled on account of rain. A presentation was made in the lodge to the winners - the cardboard shield for the most points going to the "Green" team and the tin cup for individual points going to Barbara McArel.

### Track Meet, Tennis Tournament, Archery Tournament

A Track and Field Meet was one of the responsibilities of the Senior class. It was planned by a committee consisting of Netta Morrison, director, Phyllis Hammill, Louise Proctor and Ellie Sovereign. The officials were dressed in white, the Seniors in blue and grey and the Juniors in navy blue and white. Muriel Sinclair announced the events and the winners.

The first event on the programme was the sixty-yard hurdle race. It was won by Marion Glenwright, only a few seconds behind the record. This was followed by a discus throw, the greatest being made by Hilda Smith. The high jump was next and our prize jumper, Helen Ricker, cleared the bar with ease at a good height and the others close behind her. The crowd moved westward to the territory marked off for the javelin throw to watch six young ladies take their "hop, step and leap". The javelins whizzed through the air but none could surpass Louise Proctor. The Track and Field events closed with a Senior vs. Junior relay race, four girls on each team. The Seniors took the lead and fleet-footed Phyllis Hammill crossed the line well ahead, making the Seniors victorious.

These were not the only events of the afternoon. The crowd moved southward where a tennis match was in progress. Mary Elizabeth Wright came out on top in this.

Still farther on, an archery tournament was in full swing. Two picked teams of Seniors and Juniors competed from distances of forty yards, thirty yards and twenty yards, a Junior Columbia round. Helen Hurd was champion archer.

Guests at our Meet included Miss McElheran, Miss Somers, Miss Jackson, Miss Wardley, Miss Ferguson, Miss Read and Miss Snell.

### O.A.C. Field Hockey Match

On a bright sunny afternoon during September at O.A.C. Camp, a Field Hockey Match was played between the Seniors and Juniors. The Seniors wore their school sweaters to distinguish themselves from the Juniors who were in rompers.

The Teams: Seniors: Ellie Sovereign, Marion Glenwright, Margaret Dunning, Dorothy Lowman, Phyllis Hammill, Hilda Smith, Helen Edmunds, Babs McArul, Helen Hurd, Louise Proctor, Isabel Lowe.

Juniors: Helen Turner, Phyllis Wray, Cecily Baalim, Mary Elizabeth Wright, Mona Harper, Ruth Whiteley, Helen Ricker, Elspeth Wilson, Isabel Callan, Shirley Naylor, Virginia Race.

The game was won by the Seniors but with the Juniors right at their heels. With a few falls and giddy flips from Margaret Dunning and rushes from Hilda Smith and the forward line, the Seniors managed to pull through with flying colours.

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Mistress: "I have invited Mr. and Mrs. Smith to dinner at seven, Mary, but I think we will give them a quarter of an hour's grace."

Mary: "Well, ma'am, I'm religious myself, but I think that's overdoing it."

## Visitors' Day

Visitors' Day, September 15th, the day for which we had waited and to which we had looked forward, finally arrived.

The morning was cold and dull but still joy and excitement reigned supreme. In the early afternoon automobiles arrived bearing guests. After the spacious grounds of our fair camp had been finally inspected, tea was served around a roaring fire in the lodge. After this delicious tea, the visitors embarked again to wend their way south to Toronto.

As night came on the moon bathed the camp in marvellous beauty, a lovely picture for the guests to take away with them.

We come, a class of Juniors,  
Loyal and true;  
The pine our emblem,  
And, like it, we firmly stand  
The whole year through,  
Learning to help each other  
And to do our best.  
Hail, Physical Education  
And M.E.S.

.....

We are the Seniors of M.E.S.  
We come from both the east and west,  
And here all try to do our best,  
For that's the style of the Seniors.

To camp we come in early fall,  
And 'tis up here we meet you all.  
We rise up at the bugle call  
And work till taps in the evening.

This is the course with lots to do.  
You can't just sit and worry and stew  
But what's to do is go right through,  
And that's the style of the Seniors!

## Lunches at the Lake

The occupants of the three Senior cabins in turn had the fun of cooking their dinner out this year. Under the supervision of Miss Wardley we started for the lake, pots and pans dangling from our sides and boxes of food under our arms. The fire was built and while the dinner was cooking Miss Wardley gave us a nature lesson, with the leeches under the rocks as specimens. The meals were successful except for a few flies in the pudding and sticks in the beans that had been spilled.

Miss Snell and Miss Read were guests - or rather poor sufferers having to partake of such amateur cooking.

We all enjoyed our dinners and wished we could have had more meals cooked M.E.S. style.

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Helen Fiebig: "I'm going for the doctor; I don't like the look of my room-mate."

Ross: "Let me go too. I can't stand the look of mine either."

.....

Helen: "Where have you been, Dot?"

Dot: "Swimming with Phyl."

Helen: "But Phyl can't swim."

Dot: "Then she can sure stay under long."

## Graduation 1935

The atmosphere in the little theatre of The Margaret Eaton Hall was permeated with the fragrance of those superbly beautiful flowers which had been arranged in full array along the edge of the platform. When everything was at last in readiness, the curtain rose to reveal our fair graduates of 1935. Having sung, with varied emotions, our school hymn, we descended from the platform to hear the valedictory given by Lillian Ross. Then three songs, beautifully sung by the school Glee Club, formed the musical part of our programme. The address by Miss Jessie McPherson, B.A., was of serious trend.

Next came the presentation of Awards and Diplomas by Miss Somers. Here we must mention our two most deserving medalists: the gold medalist, Leona Seagram, and the silver medalist, Mary Leask. The concluding part of our programme was an encouraging message to the graduating class by the Reverend George C. Pidgeon, D.D.

At tea upstairs, excited congratulations were offered and some of us were not very successful in keeping back the tears when we thought that the school year was over. Yes, another school year had drawn to its close. What was there to do about that sinking, let-down feeling?

## The Tea Dance

One of the highlights of the first term was the Tea Dance given by the Seniors for the Juniors. At St. George House the guests were received by Miss Somers, Mrs. Marriott and Louise Proctor. After some time spent in dancing to the music of Jack Ryan's orchestra, tea was served in the dining room; Miss Layton and Miss Wardley poured and were assisted by Miss Jackson and the Seniors of the residence. The success of this occasion may be judged by the fact that the dancing which was scheduled to cease at 7:30 was reluctantly ended an hour later.

## The Christmas Tea

The annual Christmas Tea was one of the not-to-be-forgotten events of the pre-Christmas season. The setting was St. George House, the school residence; the entertainment, a play, "The Boy on the Meadow", a production by the Dramatic Club, directed by Mrs. Sterndale Bennett. A violin solo was graciously rendered by Mrs. H. Finlayson and there was the traditional ceremony which was the most effective part of the programme.

The descent of the students down the winding stairs to the drawing room constituted the rites. The impression created by the filmy pastel dresses in the light of the candles carried by each one was truly lovely. As they came slowly down the stairs they sang softly one of the favourite carols, "Hark the Herald Angels Sing." After the students placed the candles on the mantle-piece and took their places, two carols were sung by the entire school. The play was then enacted and proved to be most entertaining. After this Miss Somers read a very interesting tale of Christmas.

Tea was served in the dining-room with Miss Layton and Miss Wardley presiding at the urns.

## The Formal

There was excitement in the air; a buzzing in the halls; the girls too looked different. Could it be the animated expression on their faces - or maybe it was their hair all neatly waved? The conversation soon solved the mystery. "What dances have you left?" "Mine are all filled." etc., until we finally found ourselves, after strenuous preparations, ready. Oh, could it be true? Yes, we were actually walking into the Toronto Skating Club to attend our school formal.

Now the reception line - first, Miss Somers looking very charming in blue velvet and right beside her our own dear Head Girl giving everyone the benefit of her dimpled smile. Who have we next? It couldn't be? - but yes, the Convener looking calm and poised in comparison to what she had been all week. Ah, - Miss Wardley doing the honours with a high hand; Miss Jackson and her escort with cheery smiles sent us to partake of the activity.

The music went round and round while everyone enjoyed themselves, and after a Paul Jones or two, the orchestra played "God Save the King". Here endeth the formal.

## South Wind

Though long I waited by the lake,  
I knew my love would come tonight,  
So gaily lapped the little waves  
And shone the moon so clear and bright.

And soon I heard a rustle faint--  
The trees leaned close her grace to see  
Or shyly touched her as she passed--  
They too were filled with ecstasy.

Her step was light, but sure and swift.  
I turned not, yet I was aware  
Of tender laughing eyes, sweet lips,  
And violet fragrance of her hair.

She bent and whispered in my ear;  
I felt her warm breath on my cheek,  
And turned to smile, and clasp her hand  
Where she stood waiting, breathless, meek.

But like a flash she slipped away,  
Flew up the path with lovely ease.  
In vain I sought--I only heard  
Her teasing laughter from the trees.

## Virginia Race

Eddie: "I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak."

Babs: "What am I supposed to do, get up and oil it?"

## Something To Remember You By

Brigden and Dunning  
Creative and punning

Edmunds and Fiebig  
Telephone and "he did"

Glenwright and Hammill  
Singing and calm still

Hurd and Keyes  
Car and wheeze

Logie and Lowe  
Us and Lordosis-no

McArel and Lowman  
Hard work and rowin'

Morrison and Proctor  
Bagpipes and locker

Sovereign and Ross  
"Just friends" and boss

Sinclair and Smith  
Skating and "the stiff"

Steedman and Steedman  
She sure did need him.

Muriel Sinclair

## The Clubs

An addition to the school programme this year is the club activity on Tuesday afternoons: Handcraft, Bowling and Dramatics. Mrs. Sterndale-Bennett directs the Dramatics, and one play was presented at Christmas time and a second is to be presented before graduation. Bowling is supervised by Miss Somers: the girls play on teams of four or five each. Handcraft is directed by Miss Wardley and many articles have been finished in pewter, wood and leather. A fourth club is carried on in the evenings, the Glee Club led by Miss Nadine Ysaye. All the clubs are uncovering hitherto unsuspected talent.

## Assemblies

Every Friday morning we had an Assembly period. The whole school and staff gathered together in the Library for the first hour. Helen Hurd was the Student Chairman and under her leadership the Assemblies were very successful.

A variety of interesting talks were brought to us by outside speakers. Among these were Mrs. Hurd, who gave us a very interesting account of her trip through England, and our friend Dr. Copp, of the First Aid classes, who told us something about the history of the St. John Ambulance Corps. A former graduate of M.E.S., Miss Barbara Crowe, told us about the technique and value of ballet dancing. Miss Gertrude Rutherford, principal of the United Church Training School for Religious Education, drew a picture of India which was new to most of us. Mrs. Dean came to talk to us about Design and stayed for the creative dancing class and helped us put it into effect. We learned of the work being done by the Neighbourhood Workers from Miss Helen Day. We greatly appreciated listening to a piano recital by Miss Muriel Bennett. One morning Mrs. Walls took us all up to the dancing studio and taught us a real Scotch Dance.

In addition to these events we had a talk from Miss Somers, the first Assembly, and book reviews by the students and the staff. Mrs. Creighton's reviews of "Green Light" and "Vein of Iron" were particularly fascinating. Both Seniors and Juniors contributed to the Current Events so that we could keep up with the happenings of the world around us. An unknown talent came to light when Miss Layton charmed us with her Christmas stories. Our programme would not have been complete without Netta's dancing; this year she did a Scotch dance for us and also an Irish dance.

The Seniors and the Juniors each provided an Assembly programme. The Seniors attempted to show us physical education in the past, present and future. The Juniors presented a Major Bowes' Hour.

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Marion Glenwright: "Heads, we go to the dance; tails, we go to the show; and if it lands on its edge - study."

Mary: "I hear they have started a new campaign against malaria."  
Kay Bird: "Heavens, what have the Malariaians done now?"

Miss Wardley: "Now this man died from sleeping sickness."  
Muriel: "The lucky stiff."



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